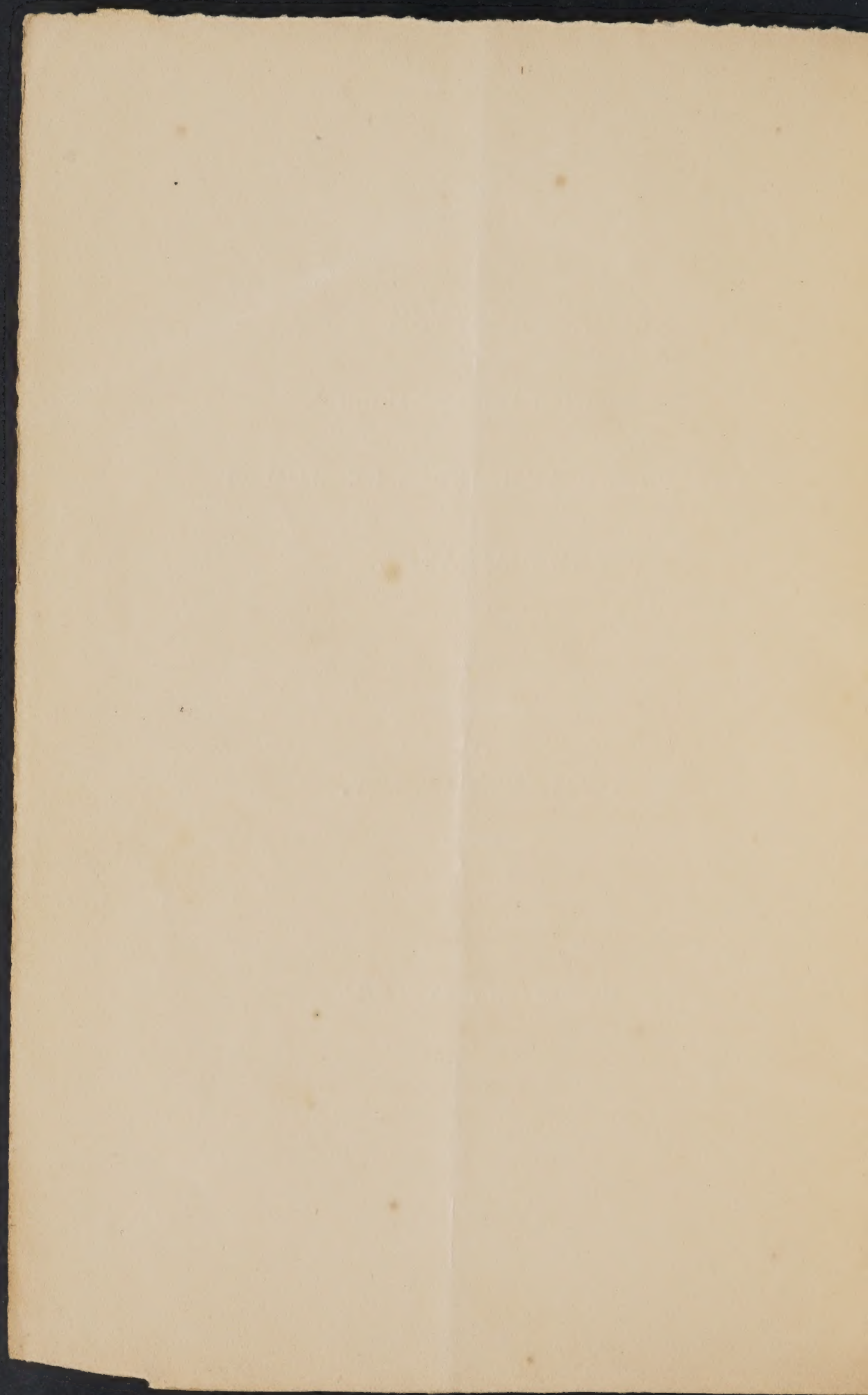


A TREATYSE
SHEWING AND DECLARING
THE PRYDE AND ABUSE OF WOMEN
NOW A DAYES.

BY
CHARLES BANSLEY.

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A TREATISE,

SHEWING AND DECLARING THE PRYDE AND ABUSE OF WOMEN
NOW A DAYES.

Bo pepe! what have I spyed?
a bug, I trow, devysing of proud knacks
For wanton lasses and galant women,
and other lewde noughty packes.

O, cursed pride! the spring and rote of everi sin,
full yll myghte thou fare,
For thou hast brought thys wealthy realme
into moche payne and care.

And what maketh us to fall from God,
and thus wyckedly to lyve as we doo?
But pryde, pryde, thys curssed vyce
that hath banished welth, and brought us woo.

And yet wyl the wycked cloke thys pryde,
and prayse it, and lyke it well;
But theyr prayse and cloke wyll not serve,
but hoyst them to the devyll of hell.

They saye that all the pryde is in the harte,
and none in the garmentes gaye;
But surely yf there were no proude hartes,
there woulde be no proude araye.

For Scripture saith, that your proud garments and
behaviour
do shewe playnely what you are wythin,
And therefore your fonde blynd skuses wyl not serve;
they are not worth a pyn.

For lyke as thee jolye ale house
is alwayes knowen by the good ale stake,
So are proude Jelots sone perceaved, to,
by theyr proude folly, and wanton gate.

Take no example by shyre townes,
nor of the Cytie of London;
For therein dwell proude wycked ones,
the poyson of all this region.

For a stewde strumpet can not so soone
gette up a lyght lewde fashyon,
But everye wanton Jelot wyll lyke it well,
and catche it up anon.

And yet Goddes worde is agaynste you playne,
and calleth it abhomination.
Now, fye for shame, that Christen people
shoulde lyke anye soche wycked fashyon!

For they that walcke in proude raymente,
walcke not truelye in spyryte and fayth,
But in a flesshely develyshe waye,
for so the Scripture sayeth.

Sponge up youre vysage, olde bounsyng trotte,
and tricke it wyth the beste,
Tyll you tricke and trotte youre selfe,
to the devyls trounsyng neste.

Oure trotte, our trotte, our lustye trotte,
whyche shoulde be mooste sadde and playne,
Is nowe become a trickynge one,
and a wanton trincklet agayne.

Thys from the devyll and the stewes,
commeth your tricksynesse that you lyke so well,
To tricke up your carkas to the sayle,
and to trappe youre soule to hell.

Wyth whyppet a whyle, lyttle pretyone,
pranke it, and hagge it well;
For yf you jette not nycelye,
you shall not beare the bell,

The scole house of women is nowe well practysed,
and to moche put in ure,
Whych maketh manye a mans hayre to growe,
thorowe hys hoode, you maye be verye sure.

For there are some prancked gosseps every where,
able to spyll a whole countrie,
Whyche mayntayne pryde, ryot, and wantonnes,
lyke mothers of all iniquitie.

Take hede to this, good husbandes all,
take good hede and beware,
Least youre wives raymente, and galante trickes,
doo make youre thryfte full bare.

And loke well, ye men, to your wives trycksynes,
whyche is to shamefull wyde,
Or some wyll not stycke, or it be longe,
to horne you on everye side.

He that is a foole maye be a jacke dawe,
and so continue all hys lyfe,
That loketh not wyselye upon hys charge,
and the proude foly of hys wyfe.

What, shall the graye mayre be the better horse,
and be wanton styll at home?
Naye then, wylcome home, syr woodcocke,
ye shall be tamed anone.

Your blasyng wyfe maye be youre sygne,
and serve to call in gesse;
A pleasaunte stale for the devyll hym selfe,
and a member of all lewdnesse.

Your charge is greate, youre honestye small,
and youre wytte full bare,
When you sette more by proude vanytie,
then by youre soules wel fare.

Wyll, wyll, lustye wyfull wyll
wyll marre all or it be longe,
And cause the tryckeste of you all,
to synge a carefull songe.

Downe, for shame, wyth these bottell a—— bummes,
and theyr trappynge trinkets so vayne!
A bounsinge packsadel for the devyll to ryde on,
to spurre theym to sorowe and payne.

It is not proud rayment that maketh the honest,
but thy condycyons playne;
For cursed be they that walcke wyckedly,
and heare Goddes worde in vayne.

Rubbe forthe, olde trottes, to the devyl warde,
seme ye never so holye;
Your glosynge woordes wyll not serve,
when your worckes be wycked and full of folly.

And yet the devylshe wyll be proude styll,
for that is all theyr delyghte;
To pleese theyr lewde lemmans all the daye,
and to strumpe it well at nyght.

Ducke, Jelot, ducke ; ducke pretye minions,
beware the cokingstoole :
Ducke, galant trickers, wyth shame ynoughe,
your wanton corage for to cole.

Huffa ! goldyloex, joly lusty goldyloex,
a wanton tricker, is come to towne,
Wyth a double fardyngale and a caped cassoc,
moche lyke a players gowne.

Awaye wyth lyght rayment, and learne to go sadly,
for that is beste of all,
That in no wyse for thy carkas sake
thou caste awaye thy soule.

From Rome, from Rome, thys carkerd pryde,
from Rome it came doubtles :
Away for shame wyth soch filthy baggage,
as smels of papery and develyshnes !

Lorde ! what Romishe monsters make ye your children,
to shamefull to be tolde :
Ye make them, sure, your god almyghtes,
and popyshe ydolatry ye do upholde.

Many straunge regions have I bene in,
and marked well the fashyon ;
But so moch proude folye and wantonnes,
saw I never in no nacyon.

And yet blynd dotardes perceyve not thys,
tyll they be brought to thrall;
But styll wynke, and walke in the devyls wayes,
tyll he posses theyr soule.

Loke to thy householde wysely,
and bryng them up playnely in vertue and godlynes,
That hereafter they doo not come
to no myschaunce and lewdnesse.

Dysfygure not your faces, good honest women,
wyth no lyghte horyshe fashyon,
Lest it brynge you into yll fame,
and sclaunderous estemacyon.

For honeste women shoulde stycke to honestye,
and upholde no harlottes guyse,
But amende and rebuke all wonton lewdnesse,
and learne to be sadde and wyse.

Our lyght is oute, our example is wycked,
and stynckes before Goddes face,
Because thee devell wythin us doethe dwell,
and resystethe bothe vertue and grace.

Nowe fye upon proude strumpety,
and al vaine devyllyshe stuffe!
Away wyth it, good people all,
or loke for greate vengeaunce, and sorow ynoughe.

And beware also, pretyone,
and see that you amende thys gere,
Or have ye shall as many mockes,
as youre greate ars can beare.

But come home agayne to sadnesse,
and I wyll saye no more ;
For yf you do not shortlye,
my pen muste vexe you sore.

And now ryght worthy, and sadde women all,
wyth you no faulte I fynde,
For your good honestye and sadde demeanor,
doeth well shewe your godly mynde.

And I speake not agaynste no playne women
as walke in godlye wyse ;
But agaynst suche wanton dyssemblers,
as doeth Goddes truthe despyse.

And therefore, I truste, no honest women
herewyth wyl be offended,
But suche as lyve ungracyously,
and lyst not to be amended.

We wonder moche at these nypppynge plages,
that daylye on us doo fall ;
But nothyng we wonder at oure synfull fashions,
that are chefe cause of all.

Wherefore reformacyon wyll come shortlye,
and put you to more shame,
And teache you to know gods lawes and your kinges,
and to walke in better frame.

For your bummes wyll be better bounst at,
or it be verye longe,
And make suche lustye bounsyng ones
to syng a playner songe.

For thoughe some take the matter hyllye,
and sore be offended here wythall,
Yet maye I not spare to speke the truthe,
howe pryde wyll have a fall.

Rubbe a galde horse on thee backe,
and he wyll kycke and wynse;
And so wyll wanton wylyons,
when they have anye snaper or twynche.

But kycke and wynche, clatter and chatter
at the truthe as moche as you lystye,
Your pryde wyll come downe wyth shame ynoughe :
beware of had I wyste.

For preachyng and teachyng we ar never the better,
but rather worse and worse :
The heathen lyve farre better then we,
and therefore have we Goddes curse.

We trust and beleve we can not tell howe,
even as we lyste oure selves;
But that trust and fayth muste we amende,
or hell fyre shall we posses.

To presume on Goddes mercye is as greate a faute,
as too dyspayre therein;
For yf thy faythe bee not perfecte good,
thy truste is not worthe a pyn.

Remember that hell is a wofull place,
full of all cruell paynes and tormentes,
And it is not thy wavering fayned fayth,
that can delyver the from thens.

O foole, foole! more then starke madde,
not sure to lyve one houre!
How darest thou so proudly offend thy Lorde God,
of soche almyghty power?

Lyve godly, and do good worckes,
and spend thy shorte tyme well,
For a wanton lyfe and vycyous,
is the very ryghte waye to hell.

And thus God sende us grace everychone,
in vertue and sadnes to remayne,
And for oure sad and honest playnes,
a joyefull place in heaven.

God save kyng Edward, and his noble counsail al,
and sende us peace and reste,
And of thys pryde and devylyshe folye,
full soone to have redresse.

Finis. Quod Charles Bansley.

Imprinted at London in Paules Church yearde, at thee Sygne of
the Starre. By Thomas Raynalde.

NOTES.

- P. 3, l. 4.—“Noughty packes.” See note to Dodsley’s Old Plays, vi. 16, last edit. where it is shewn, that although the words “naughty packs” were applied to the wicked of both sexes, they usually had a special reference to women of bad character.
- P. 4, l. 7.—“Blynd skuses” are blind *excuses*.
- P. 4, l. 9.—“Lyke as thee jolye ale house.” Our old printers constantly confounded *thee* and *the*. Of this error several instances will be found in the course of the poem.
- P. 4, l. 10.—The “ale stake” must have been the post on which the sign was hung.
- P. 5, l. 5.—A “trot” was used to signify an old woman. Shakespeare speaks of “an old trot with ne’er a tooth in her head,” in “The Taming of the Shrew,” Act. i. sc. 5. The word was very common.

- P. 5, l. 10.—“Sadde” is used here and in other places, as synonymous with *grave*,—a very common meaning of the word formerly.
- P. 5, l. 13.—“Thys” is printed for *thus*.
- P. 5, l. 19.—To “jet” means to *strut*; and there is hardly an old writer of a humorous class who does not use it.
- P. 5, l. 21.—“The Schole House of Women” was written by Edward Gosynhill, as he admits in his *Mulierum Pæan*. It was printed by John Kynge in 1560, and by Thomas Petit, in 1541 according to the title-page, and 1561 according to the colophon of his edition: the latter is probably the right date. There must have been considerably earlier impressions, or Bansley, who clearly wrote in the time of Edward VI, would not have mentioned it. Those who wish to read a lively satirical production, very curious with relation to the manners of the time, may find “the Schole House of Women” in Mr. Edw. V. Uttersen’s two interesting volumes of “Early Popular Poetry,” 8vo. London, 1817. He does not appear to have been aware of the name of the author; but upon this point all bibliographers have been at fault.
- P. 5, l. 23.—This expression of “making a man’s hair grow through his hood,” was used to shew the poverty of the person to whom it was applied, who was not able to buy a new covering for his head, instead of his old hood which was in holes.
- P. 6, l. 17.—The proverbs introduced into this production are remarkable for their antiquity, as well as appositeness.
- P. 6, l. 22.—“Gessee” was very often used for *guests*, at a much later date.

P. 8, l. 2.—“The cucking-stool” was a seat at the end of a long pole, on which scolds and other “naughty packs” were placed, that they might be ducked. An account of the ceremony may be seen in Brand’s *Popular Antiq.* ii. p. 441, edit. 1813.

P. 8, l. 5.—“Huffa” seems to have been an exclamation assigned to gallants and gay ladies. We meet with it in *Histrionastix*, 1610, where a quotation is apparently made from an old miracle-play of “The Prodigal Son,”

“Huffa, huffa! who callis for me?
I play the Prodigall child in jollity.”

In the Digby miracle-play of “Mary Magdalen,” Curiosity enters with “Hof, hof, hof! a fresh new galaunt,” &c. A *huffing* fellow is still used for a *blustering* fellow.

P. 8, l. 8.—This early allusion to the gown worn by players is curious.

P. 8, l. 16.—“Papery” is perhaps a misprint for *popery*, but not necessarily so. There can be no doubt of Bansley’s religious opinions.

P. 11, l. 20.—“Beware of had I wist” is a very ancient proverbial phrase, impressing caution. “Had I wist” is *had I known*.

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